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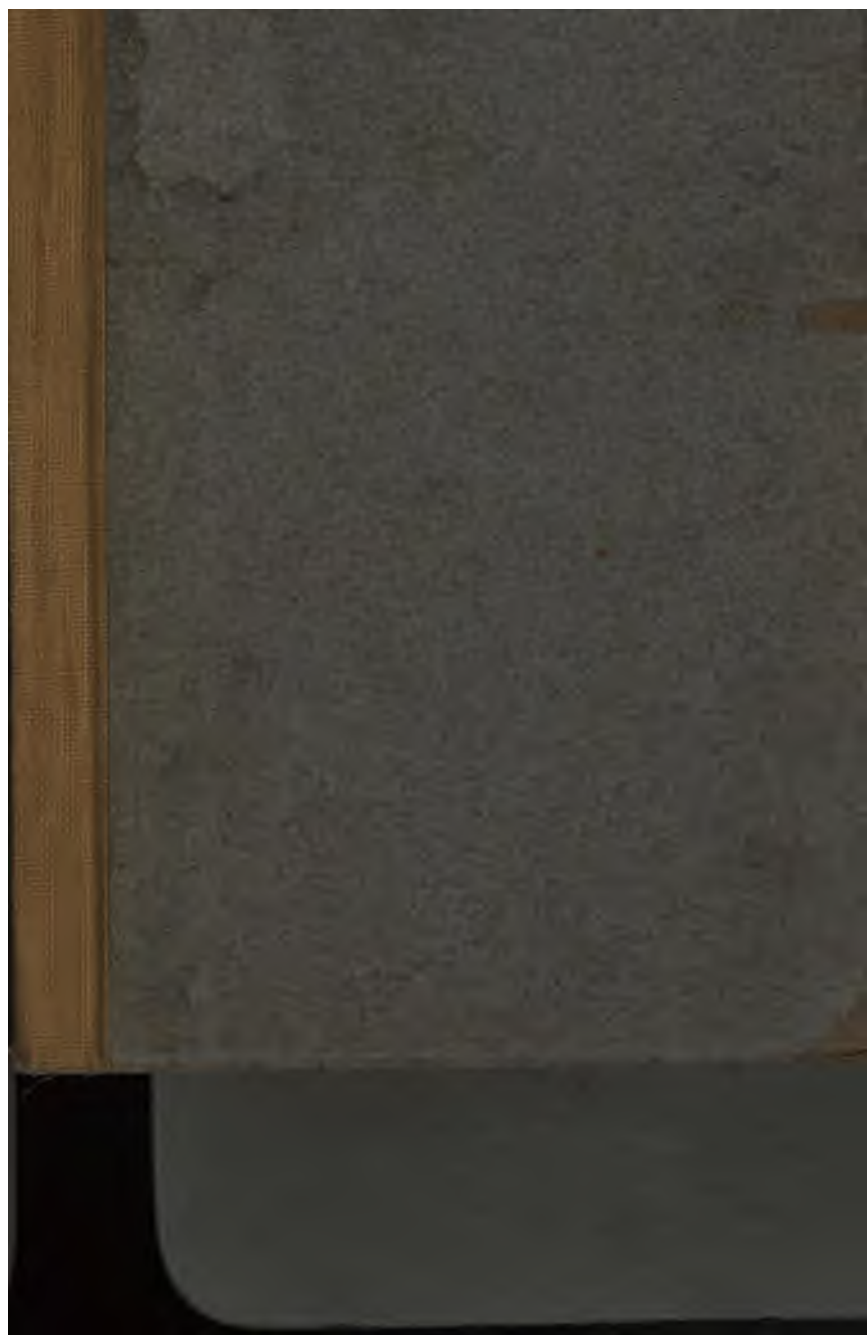
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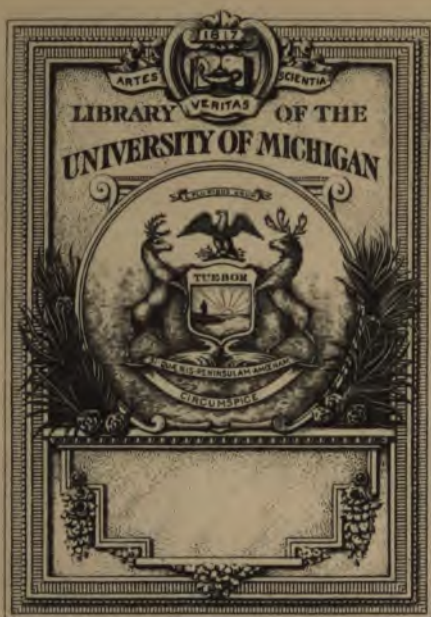
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THE GIFT OF
Professor F.W. Kelsey

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Indiana state teachers' association

IN HONOR

OF

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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1966

J. F. W. Kelsey
24-28.

EXPLANATORY PREFACE

Shortly after the election of the writer as President of the Indiana State Teachers' Association, he conferred with Mr. B. F. Moore, Superintendent of Schools at Marion, and Chairman of the Executive Committee, with reference to the programme to be presented at the meeting in December, 1905. We agreed that in some way Mr. James Whitcomb Riley should be brought before the teachers of the state. We well knew that our good poet could not be moved by ordinary considerations, and that we must appeal to him on high grounds if we would secure his presence at one of our gatherings. We felt that for long the teachers of Indiana had been familiar with Mr. Riley's poems, and that they would be helped by contact with the poet himself. We, therefore, urged Mr. Riley to allow us to plan some form of tribute at one of the sessions of the Association. He had misgivings: such a meeting among his close friends would be embarrassing; and such a meeting in honor of one living and present

EXPLANATORY PREFACE

might by some be deemed indelicate. We assured him that the inevitable self-consciousness and embarrassment would be worth while in view of the object and in connection with the genuineness of the tribute, and that the officers of the State Association would be careful to explain that his relation to the occasion had been won by our insistence and was represented only by a modest consent.

We then proceeded with our plans. It soon became plain that the meeting would take on large proportions. Great men, whose hours command vast honorariums, were glad to aid us without remuneration and for the love they bore Mr. Riley. The session was carried to Tomlinson Hall, with the conviction that even the immensity of that auditorium would not be sufficient to hold all who would eagerly join in tribute. The following programme and the printed addresses will show something of what that tribute was. But these pages can not fully reveal the mood of the meeting—the thought and feeling of four thousand people fused into unity. The gathering was unique and unparalleled. The hour was full of warmth and truth.

The gratitude of the Indiana State Teach-

EXPLANATORY PREFACE

ers' Association is due to those who participated in the exercises; it is especially due to Mr. Riley for permitting the educational forces of the state to be the auspices under which such a noteworthy and dignified tribute was conveyed to himself.

EDWIN HOLT HUGHES.

DePauw University,
January 1, 1906.

PROGRAMME

MUSIC—MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS—DR. EDWIN HOLT HUGHES,
President Indiana State Teachers' Association

ADDRESS BY CHAIRMAN OF THE AFTERNOON—SENATOR
ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

MUSIC Vocal Solo: "Onaway! Awake, Beloved"
(from *Hilawatha Wedding Feast*), *S. Coleridge*
Taylor—MR. ORVILLE HAROLD, Muncie

ADDRESS MR. CHARLES R. WILLIAMS, editor *Indian-*
apolis News

MUSIC—Solo—MRS. THOMAS C. WHALLON, Indian-
apolis

ADDRESS MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON, Indianapolis

MUSICAL MONOLOGUE—(a) There, Little Girl, Don't
Cry; (b) Out to Old Aunt Mary's—MRS. HUGH
MCGINNEY, Indianapolis

ADDRESS --HONORABLE HENRY WATTERSON, editor
Louisville Courier-Journal

MR. RILEY will be present and respond to the greet-
ings of the teachers



B. F. MOORE
CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY EDWIN HOLT HUGHES

*President of DePauw University and President of the
Indiana State Teachers' Association*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Mr. Riley is frequently called upon to appear before celebrities. Last week he was with President Roosevelt; this week he is with the Indiana teachers. Judge for yourselves whether this is a climax. It is only proper for me to report that there is in this meeting but one unwilling guest. Musicians have canceled recitals and dismissed pupils that they themselves might add melody to eulogy. Senators have been glad to leave duties, and even political love-feasts, in order to be here. Authors have eagerly dropped their quills that they might in living presence pay tribute to their brother. Editors have abandoned the press of their work and will give other editors a chance to print what they have to say about a former newspaper man. And you who are not on this programme have counted yourselves fortunate to find room anywhere in this vast hall. And yet there is here one graciously unwilling

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guest; and that is Mr. Riley himself. In many years the Indiana State Teachers' Association has tried to give him public honor; it is the crowning achievement of the present administration that we have succeeded. By dint of earnest solicitation, of prose coaxings interspersed with poetic pleadings, we have at last secured his reluctant presence and have brought him hither as the modest center of this singular hour.

We may well say "singular", for it is to be doubted whether this gathering could have its like anywhere else in our broad land. In what other state could a poet be found to whom the educational forces would bring such honor as this? It only goes to show that Mr. Riley himself is a "Poem Here at Home,"—beloved even as his verse is beloved. The nearer you get to Lockerbie Street, the better he is loved, while those who enter the doors of his home fall under the spell of his heart and come out to see always thereafter the kindly face of the living poet upon the printed page.

We have long called James Whitcomb Riley "The Hoosier Poet," and we do not intend to surrender the title that signifies our loving ownership. He has his place in the *Library*



EDWIN HOLT HUGHES

of the World's Best Literature. If he had not had his place there, the agents could not have sold a single set anywhere from South Bend to Madison, or from Union City to Terre Haute! Indeed, no man can possibly succeed in Indiana who does not like Whitcomb Riley's poems! The pickets on our state lines halt every new-comer and demand the countersign. If he whispers "Riley," we let him in; if not, we deem him a hopeless alien and send him away because he has not the proper papers of Indiana naturalization.

But while we claim James Whitcomb Riley as ours by first discovery and by first love, we gladly recognize his power to enter sympathetically into the lives that are distant from his own both in experience and in geography. In truth, this is the wonderful power of our poet. We may well understand how the memory of his own youth could make him the greatest living poet of childhood. But how could a bachelor write *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*? How could a man, who never had a wife to be absent from him, write that poem which some of you have slipped into letters to your distant and delaying spouses, and which is entitled *When She Comes Home*?

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And how could one who had never known parental grief over the death of an only child write that sweet, low song of comfort called *Bereaved*? It is safe to say that much of the power of our friend's poetry lies in that strange, penetrating sympathy,—seen now in humor and now in pathos.

Plainly that quality foreordained that we could not always keep Whitcomb Riley within our borders alone. Glad as we are to claim him as ours in birth, in spirit and in love, we may well remind ourselves that the time is long passed when one state could claim him as its exclusive property. Therefore, we have invited here to-day a distinguished citizen of another state,—and, even though he lives only a few inches beyond the line, of another section,—to signify that our poet is now the nation's poet.

For, after all, we Indianians are not so extreme in our peculiarities that the things that reach us deeply are of no effect with folk in other parts. We are blessed with characteristics. We have no desire to be colorless. But we never cease to be "human bein's." Mr. Riley sometimes speaks in dialect; but he speaks, also, in such language of loving in-

EDWIN HOLT HUGHES

sight that the universal heart says: *How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?* Because he appeals to Indians he appeals to men and women everywhere. Because he is The Hoosier Poet he is likewise The Human Poet. Since we have all felt the brotherhood of his verse, we are here to love him to his very face.

Ladies and gentlemen, in the name of the State Teachers' Association I greet you all. We have chosen our senior senator as the chairman of the afternoon and as our first speaker. It is my honor to introduce to you now the Honorable Albert J. Beveridge, whose right in this hour is based not alone on his own great ability, nor yet on his high office, but likewise on his warm friendship for James Whitcomb Riley.

**ADDRESS BY
ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE**

United States Senator from Indiana

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
It would seem that Indiana and the Middle West, the center of the republic geographically, the center of the republic numerically, is becoming the center of the republic intellectually. Only in America could the center of culture follow close on the heels of the moving center of population; because only in America is learning equally distributed among the people, so that where the center of population is, the center of intelligence must be.

At any rate Indiana at this hour is giving more creative literature to the English-speaking world than any single portion of the republic. Charles Major, the American Dumas; Meredith Nicholson, our latter-day Hawthorne; George Ade and Nesbit and McCutcheon, whose true humor sets the land aglee; Booth Tarkington, whose genius expresses itself in the most finished art of any contemporaneous novelist; David Graham Phillips, whose savage force and masterful-



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

ness are elemental and epochal—all these and more are children of Indiana.

And dean of all, first of all and dearest of all is that American Burns, whom Indiana has given to the nation—James Whitcomb Riley. I say given by Indiana to the nation; for all that Indiana has and is belongs to the republic as a whole. And, besides, our joy and pride in this master singer of the people is too great to be provincial. Only the heart of the nation is great enough to share and hold it.

Dearer to the universal man than soldier, statesman or scholar are the world's poets; for the poet interprets the soul of man to itself and makes immortal the wisdom of the common mind. After all, the source of all poetry is in the hearts of the people. In the consciousness of the masses is that intelligence of the higher truths of the universe, of which this life is but a reflection; and it is this intelligence, uttered in words of music, that constitutes real poetry.

So he who knows not the people nor loves them can not sing that song to which their very natures are attuned. The aristocrat may make verses whose perfect art renders them immortal like Horace, or state high truths in

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austere beauty like Arnold. But only the brother of the common man can tell what the common heart longs for and feels, and only he lives in the understanding and affection of the millions. Only the man who is close to the earth and, therefore, close to the skies, knows the mysteries and beauties of both. Only he who is close to humanity is close to humanity's God.

That is why the true poet is so dear to the man in the furrow and the street—he listens and hears a voice of beauty singing the very thoughts his locked lips have not uttered and the yearnings that have filled him always. The poet is our soul's interpreter, voice of our spirit, evangel of our higher and our real life, utterer of the prophecy which God has planted in our breasts.

The poet of the people is a part of the people, and their better part; and that is why the people love him. That is why we love James Whitcomb Riley. He has understood us—understood us because he is of us; and, understanding us, has told us of ourselves, of our ideal selves, and therefore of our truly real selves. For only that is real in the soul of man which, to the mind of man, is ideal.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

That is why the poet of the people becomes the poet universal. He gives that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Everybody knows Burns. His verse has gone into our common speech. We quote him without knowing it. Burns is human and says things we understand and things we need. Omar Khayyam's song of poise and resignation rises above the clattering footfalls of the centuries, and the modern world is listening to him now.

Riley is of this quality. He is the sentiment and wisdom of the universal common man, stated in terms of Americanism. There is something in him of Burns and something of the Tentmaker and a dash of Villon, and yet all Riley, all original, all born of our own home soil—every atom pure Indiana American.

What I like most in Riley is his sympathy with everybody and everything that needs or deserves it. The best things in Burns are his songs to a homeless mouse and a mountain daisy crushed beneath his plow. Riley is full of that same thing. He sympathizes with an old horse turned out to pasture.

Sympathy is the divinest faculty of man.

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It is a suggestion of Heaven. It sweetens misfortune and makes adversity smile. Toil turns to play beneath sympathy's touch, and the thorns of difficulty bear roses. There is nothing so fine as that friendliness of soul that knows and understands the sorrows, troubles, temptations, joys, hopes, aspirations and all the emotions of other souls.

Nothing is so splendid as to love things. These are qualities of the common people and the quiet homes. These qualities do not live in rich abodes—exclusiveness starves them. They are qualities growing out of the soil, and so out of the heart of God.

Take all your fine statements of high truths, but leave me the living speech of human sympathy. That is Riley's kind of speech. He is so full of it that it masters him and makes him write it out in poetry. That is how we have *Griggsby's Station* and *Nothin' to Say* and *The Old Band* and *Lockerbie Street*, and that very tenderest of all his lines expressing a new idea in literature—the sorrow of a childless one, who at heart and in longing and in loving capacity is a parent, for the real parent over the loss of a real child:

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Let me come in where you sit weeping,—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

We have these and a hundred others like them,
and thank God for them, and so thank God
for Jim Riley.

Riley is more the poet of the people than Burns was in this: he is the poet of the children. The plain people love children more than all things else. Only God and country are dearer to the common heart than the infant race growing up to take our place when, like old trees, we shall fall at last. Children are visible immortality. The beauty of youth is the loveliest thing in human life; and in the heart of childhood abides the future.

The common people know children and understand them; and so does Riley. Shelley's genius arranged brilliant words and amazing thoughts, but he never got as near to the human heart as the man who wrote *Fool Youngens* and *Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze* or *The Raggedy Man*. I would rather be the interpreter of childhood than to be the author of *Manfred*. What said the sa-

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cred Word—*Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

Riley speaks our tongue. His words are the language of the people. He is the interpreter of the common heart. That is why he is so full of that sane fatalism called resignation—submission to the eternal forces of whom he would make friends, not enemies.

When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain,

W'y, rain's my choice,

—says Riley, echoing the man of the fields, who, like Riley, would a good deal rather be "Knee Deep in June."

But this voice of our ordinary American millions utters the depths of our soul and searches the heights of our faith when he tells of our trust in and reliance on the good God who, we know, with the wisdom of the heart, surely exists and surely cares for us. There are some of us who owe more personally to James Whitcomb Riley for that priceless thing—an unquestioning faith in God and Christ and immortality—than can well be put in words. The people who have not abandoned

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

that wisest of wisdoms, the wisdom of the heart, don't argue about or question these infinite truths. And Riley, the people's voice, asserts them. The poet does not syllogize about these eternal realities—the poet knows.

It is these people—these millions of common people—who pay the tribute of their love and admiration to James Whitcomb Riley to-day. For this meeting is held by the State Teachers' Association, and no body of men and women so truly represents the people as the teachers. Walking along a country lane in Germany one day, a German statesman said to me, pointing to a modest-appearing man, "There goes the German people—there walks the soul of the German nation."

And in answer to my look of inquiry he said:

"That is a typical German teacher; he is the bulwark of the fatherland."

This is truer of the American republic than of the German empire. A republican form of government rests on the citizen, and the teacher ought to be and is the maker of the citizen. So the teacher is the truest representative of the people; and thus it is that when the teachers of Indiana greet James

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Whitcomb Riley, the people greet their poet.
"May he live long and prosper," and his true
song be sung for many a year to come, and its
music echo for ever in the souls of the people!

ADDRESS BY
CHARLES R. WILLIAMS

Editor of the Indianapolis News

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN —
“Weak-winged is song,” says Lowell, pre-
luding his great *Commemoration Ode*, which
proved his words untrue. He was thinking
for the moment how much better it is to have
actual part in a glorious action than to stand
by recording or applauding; thinking

’Tis so much less easy to do than to sing;

thinking that

Those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and
drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,

must look with a sort of contempt on the
maker of rhymes who should seek to celebrate
their valiant deeds. Ah! but that was only a
passing mood. Self-depreciation yields to
truer conception of the poet’s part and art:

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Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

"Weak-winged is song"? No, no; strong of
wing, unwearying of flight! There are no
men so much alive as the masters of song;
there is nothing the human mind creates so
enduring as poetry.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.

He saw through life and death, through good
and ill,
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,
Before him lay.

What matter if in the *Partition of the
Earth*, as Schiller sings, the poet is over-
looked, as

With dreamful eyes
His spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise,



CHARLES R. WILLIAMS

while in silent rapture he catches a vision of
the divine countenance, or listens in ecstasy to
Heaven's seraphic harmony?

Alas, said Jove, the world away is given,
The land, the chase, and trade no more are
mine.
But if with me thou wouldst abide in Heaven,
Come when thou wilt, and welcome shall be
thine.

In "the land east of the sun and west of the
moon," the poet has large demesnes. "The
light that never was on land or sea" shines un-
faltering in his eyes. With such an inherit-
ance, what wonder the aged Goethe, thinking
of his youth, could declare:

Nothing I had, and yet enough?

Dynasties may fall, hierarchies may yield
place, science and philosophy may wither, art
and architecture may be despised, civilization
itself may decay and perish, but poetry re-
mains—with power to quicken and to sweeten
life. Greece is a memory. But Homer and
Æschylus and Sophocles still lord it over the
minds of men. Roman civilization passed

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away in corruption and debauchery. But Lucretius and Vergil and Horace still delight and instruct the world. Of all the men that played the leading parts upon the world's stage in the middle ages—popes or emperors, warriors or law-givers, Guelphs or Ghibellines—how brave soe'er a show they made, how large soe'er the power and prestige they enjoyed, what one of them all left so great and persistent an influence in the world; what one of them all is so much alive to-day, as that poet who, banished from his beloved Florence, made spiritual pilgrimage with Beatrice into the after life?

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

Did you ever think that in a very true sense we estimate peoples and nations by their poets? Never does a race or a country seem quite to have come to its majority till it can count a true poet to its credit. Even a country otherwise insignificant we think of with a certain respect if it can boast a poet of more than local appeal. Witness poor little Portugal, to which Camoens lends luster and distinction. And when the true poet does come

CHARLES R. WILLIAMS

to a people, how much ampler and fuller life grows to be! Does not every Scotsman step firmer and breathe deeper because of Scott and Burns? Do not all

Who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held,

have high and worthy pride of lineage and race because Shakespeare and Milton delivered their message to the world in English speech? And do not all Americans count among the most precious accomplishments of the American mind the poems of Lowell and Longfellow, of Whittier, Whitman and Bryant?

Life in its elemental qualities is much the same under all skies, but there is infinite variety and modification in its manifestation. It is the poet who penetrates the outer and obvious rind, which alone is visible to most of us, into the inner and hidden core of things; it is the poet, with his spiritual vision, that in the transitory and particular discovers the kernel of eternal and universal truth and reveals it to our purblind but astonished appre-

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hension; it is the poet that beholds in the commonplace life of commonplace people that touch of divine significance which makes the lowliest kin to the highest, who discovers anew to a doubting and scoffing generation that "every human heart is human."

Matthew Arnold never tired of insisting that poetry is the criticism of life. By that he meant profound insight into the true meaning of life, the interpretation of life, the voicing of its deeper and deepest significance, the expression of what we all in moments of spiritual exaltation, or

When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock,

dimly or vaguely feel and strive in vain to find utterance for. We moil and toil and struggle on, busy with many concerns.

Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours.

But all the time we are conscious that life is more than meat and raiment; that we are not making the most and the best of ourselves and what life offers.

CHARLES R. WILLIAMS

But often in the world's most crowded streets,
But often in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life.

Then our poet comes; he takes us up to the mount of vision; life is transfigured before our eyes, and we, in worshipful gratitude, would fain build a tabernacle to the godlike power that he has exercised upon our souls!

And unto us of Indiana a poet has been born, who can enter the company of the world's true singers with confidence of gracious welcome and grateful acclaim. The fame and the wholesome cheer of Riley's minstrelsy have been blown about the world. The name of Indiana is spoken everywhere with larger respect, because he has haloed it with song. But more to us even than the wide repute our poet has given to our commonwealth is the fact that he has revealed us to ourselves. Indiana did not seem a promising abode for the muses, any more than Holland with its dykes and dunes and level reaches would seem to invite the landscape artist. But when the true artist came he saw the picturesque in every field and village and stretch of

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wave-washed beach. And when the poet came to

Love the brown earth where we are,

he found in the lives and hearts of our Indiana people, wherever he looked or listened, unheralded and unsuspected sources of song. We know ourselves better because of Riley; we know our neighbors better; we have truer sympathy with the great mass of our fellow citizens, because with loving, poetic insight and passion, he has revealed the mysteries of their hearts to us; and he has opened our eyes to see beauties and glories in our Indiana life, which, except for him, we might never have guessed were there.

The teachers of the state do well to honor him who has been the teacher of us all. They will do well if in all their teaching they strive to instil in their pupils the poet's penetration into the poetry of our common life and win them to the poet's serene and hopeful outlook.

Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of
the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow
fur away!

CHARLES R. WILLIAMS

Whatever be our station, with Providence fer
 guide,
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satis-
 fied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses
 full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that
 drips fer me and you.

ADDRESS BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
We are engaged to-day in the agreeable business of saying to a man's face what we have for many years been saying behind his back. The occasion is unique. It is not a birthday celebration, not a martyr's day, nor a saint's festival. It is just Riley's day.

A poet's history is deep-written in his work. He can not be older than his latest and blithest lyric; and his environment, his education, his ideals, are all reflected in his own verse, so that he who runs may read. It is idle to seek the man behind the song where every line expresses his own experience, testifies to his own faith, and is a prayer born of his own confident hope. The poems of Riley form our great Hoosier Iliad; but more than that, they are the continuing story of his own loyal, gentle and trustful heart.

In his youth our young Æneas knew many cities, but mainly those of his own state. Like Thoreau, he traveled much, but chiefly on the nearest pike. His Roman highway was the



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

old National Road; and as a result of this close contact with rural and village life, it is safe to say that no other people in this diverse nation of ours have ever been studied by any observer of life with so shrewd or sympathetic eyes. Bret Harte left California almost with his first success; and Mark Twain carried *Huckleberry Finn* to strange New England airs.

But our young Æneas, cruising among Indiana cities, through those years of unconscious preparation, seeing everything, hearing the gossip of the county in the village market-places, gathered a great store of knowledge, not down in the books, that was to take form a little later and become our truest history, whether set forth in literary English or in the pungent and illuminating vernacular now so rapidly disappearing.

He sought no high and strenuous key
To mark his new blithe minstrelsy,
Invoked no shrine on bended knee
In Greece or Rome,
But, all ungyved, his spirit free
Sang most of home!

His writings are not mere foot-notes to history, but important chapters of the text which

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students of the future must know if they would really appreciate our rise and growth. Out of the ashes of pioneer camp-fires rose the state, and our early years were darkened by danger, pestilence and famine. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* represented Indiana in her darkest years; but we have reached a point from which we may turn and peer amiably into the pit from which we came. And there could be no grander tribute to the potency of the yeast of democracy than that today, after fifty years of striving, this great company of educators pays tribute to an American man of letters, a product of Indiana common schools.

And to a particular Hoosier schoolmaster I beg to offer tribute of special gratitude. Himself a poet, he pointed the boy Riley to the shining portals of the gates of song. Honor, all honor and glory to a citizen, a soldier, a teacher of Hancock County, Captain Lee O. Harris, of Greenfield!

Riley's advent was happily timed for the late twilight of our elder poets, when song had grown tame. His achievements loom large when we consider that the New England poets had back of them the riches of colonial his-

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

tory and tradition, and in Longfellow's case the loud-sounding cadence of the sea. Riley caught the Hoosier type afield, between the district school and the village store, and set down his traits indelibly—his rugged adherence to the soil; his essential domesticity; his simple, devoted patriotism; his unquestioning faith in the providence of God. The Hoosier whom Riley knew and studied is established for ever in the world's portrait gallery.

It was the poet's good fortune to witness the return of the Hoosier phalanx from our mightiest war, and with characteristic sympathy and insight he has repeatedly sung of our soldiers in many moods and keys. He has knit the Hoosier into communion with the peoples celebrated in all literatures—back through Whittier and Longfellow to Burns and beyond Chaucer further still to Meleager and Theocritus—down all this apostolic line of melodists Indiana salutes Greece and her storied isles.

It is not age, but it is truth that makes a classic. The Hoosier soldier in *Good-bye, Jim*, had not Achilles' shield, but under his blue coat he had Achilles' heart; and Fessler's bees are from the same hive as those that

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hummed above Hymmetus honey. The homely flowers of our Hoosier dooryard, like the joys and sorrows of the Hoosier heart, have now their classic place because our friend and comrade sings of them.

We are not here to discuss matters of literary workmanship, but one or two points we may heed. Charm, grace and melody are Riley's obvious characteristics as an artist. His feeling for the inevitable word—the word that alone expresses his sense and feeling—this and an unerring sensibility to form, stamped him early as one born to the singing robes.

But even more important, because so rare, is his unerring dramatic instinct. Many of his poems—those indeed that we know best, are in effect little dramas, perfect in setting and atmosphere, wherein the characters he has so abundantly discovered or created are endowed with life and are as veritable as though we met and talked with them. Examples of his felicity in this particular crowd upon us—such perfect and vivid characterizations as *Little Orphant Annie*, *Good-bye, Jim*, and *Nothin' to Say*. Few lyrical poems in our literature are capable of awakening the

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same emotions, touching the same chords, as this last. There is crowded into its lines a gentleness, a simple and deep affection, with so much color, a dialogue so apt and a climax so moving, that we are left rapt and wondering, as at the end of a beautiful drama.

Our friend affords a rare instance of the natural and intuitive scholar. He became, without the act of any university but by the investiture of the American people, a doctor of humane letters; and it is pleasant to think of him as indeed wise in the heart's affairs, with a physician's patient ear for man's grief and doubt, and a balm of song for world-sick souls.

And in this connection and before this company it is gratifying to recall that our friend's academic honors have not been meager. A graduate in course of no college, he is a Master of Arts of Yale University; a Doctor of Letters of Wabash College; a Doctor of Letters of the University of Pennsylvania, —verily, a prophet honored in his own time and in his own state and by representative institutions of learning of the United States!

In paying this tribute of regard and affection we must not forget one fact essential to

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any fair understanding of what Riley has done for us: he has never satirized us—never ridiculed us. His humor is of that finer kind that seeks for truth and is tempered with kindness and justice. It has long been remarked of the literature of lowly life that there is heartache beneath its gaiety and tears follow close upon its laughter.

Bagehot remarks that throughout Shakespeare's writings "we see an amazing sympathy with common people"; and Riley has sung unbrokenly of lowly and humble men of heart. He has stood for that continued idealization of the home which is the security and hope of the republic.

We can not pass lightly, if we would, this matter of our great debt to him. No honor we may bestow is commensurate with the distinction he has brought to us. He is the chief American poet of his generation, and only yesterday an English woman of letters remarked in this city upon his wide acceptance and popularity in England. And, best of all, he has made it a good and fine thing to be born a Hoosier.

We are not here so much to praise him as to congratulate ourselves. He rode into the

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lists against those to whom Indiana was a byword and a hissing; he accepted their challenge, and we salute him to-day as our victorious champion. He is the poet laureate of American democracy, for democracy, let us say, is only the crystallized faith of man in man. His poems express the sane and reasonable conscience of the American people. He deals in eternal types, as Chaucer did. He has brightened the path of duty and brought the goal of honor near. He is a great teacher in the labor house of the brotherhood of man. He has touched old and neglected virtues with new life and light. Into his songs he has wrought the golden rosary of the beatitudes.

And so it is with gratitude that we greet him and praise him and crown him anew with our love.

**SELECTIONS READ BY
MRS. HUGH McGIBENY**

- (a) THERE! LITTLE GIRL; DON'T CRY**
- (b) OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S**

SELECTIONS READ BY

There Little Girl, Don't Cry

CLARENCE FORSYTH.
Op. 1. No. 1

Andante.

Andante.

There! lit-tle girl, don't cry! They have

bro-ken your doll, I know, And your tea-set blue, And your play-housen, too. Are

things of the long a-go, But child-ish tears - blue will

soon pass by. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry!

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MRS. HUGH McGIBENY

There! little girl; don't cry!

They have broken your slate, I know;

And the glad, wild ways

Of your school-girl days

Are things of the long ago;

But life and love will soon come by.—

There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!

They have broken your heart, I know;

And the rainbow gleams

Of your youthful dreams

Are things of the long ago;

But heaven holds all for which you sigh.—

There! little girl; don't cry!

SELECTIONS READ BY

Out to Old Aunt Mary's

Moderato.

PIANO.

There's a pleasant, a tender note. To those old days of the past, when the shadowy past-way through.

f **espressivo.**

And the "Dance's" end, In the kitchen, too. But we wait, waiting, till we old Aunt Mary's "see and you." In all those days of days-to-day.

Through the way we wait, as you are saying, but we wait, till we old Aunt Mary's "see and you." In all those days of days-to-day.

MRS. HUGH MCGIBENY

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped
awry,

And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and
o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

The jelly—the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry and quince "preserves" she
made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!—
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

MRS. HUGH McGIBENY

And the old spring-house in the cool green
gloom

Of the willow-trees,—and the cooler room
Where the swinging-shelves and the crocks
were kept—

Where the cream in a golden languor slept
While the waters gurgled and laughed and
wept—

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits *to-day*
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering—"Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

ADDRESS BY
HENRY WATTERSON

Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
Surely this must be “the Riley we’ve heard
of so highly.” Else, what are we here for?
Wherefore else the songs and the garlands,
the rhythm of soul and voice, the music of a
summer sea of heart-waves, mocking at win-
ter as they bear the poet’s shallop from the
Isle of Dreams, where he makes his abode, to
this Palace of Enchantment, where he holds
his court?

It is good to be here, to snuggle in the
farthest corner—the biggest along with the
littlest—because here at least there’s naught
but sunshine; the frost that’s on the pumpkin
is outside; why, even the “gobble-uns” have
hied up the chimney and taken themselves off
to never-never-never-land! And, it is a good
time to be here; the radiance of the blessed
Christmastide about us, the heels of old Santa
Claus yet in sight as he trips into his empty

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sleigh and jingles through the air—Riley, himself, translated and gone where the good poets go! Truly, he is a good poet! Away back yonder—just after he had printed his first volume—a yard-master of one of the rail-ways, who had known him as the artist that had marked and numbered the box-cars—even then an embryo man of letters—said proudly of him, “Riley, sir? Jim Riley, sir? Why, sir, do you know that Jim Riley’s got to be one o’ the best poets in Hancock County, sir?”

We will all subscribe to that; though, somehow, Hancock County has widened and broadened and deepened into the Universe, and he that was called the Hoosier poet—bursting the bands of mere geographic limitation—stands at length with the immortals of the whole creation!

But the other day a famous company in New York celebrated the seventieth birthday of the most famous of our prose-writers, as we are here celebrating the noontide of our great and honored poet, our neighbor and our friend; and, though I have fought throughout my life against sectionalism in all its forms, I can not repress a kind of sneaking satisfac-



HENRY WATTERSON

tion in the thought that the East, having exhausted its supply, has had to come West for a fresh crop of poets and humorists and novelists—finding most of them, by the way, in Indiana—even Howells in Ohio—and the satisfaction rises into exultation when I reflect that the standards of the literature of my country, thus following the star of empire, are held by hands so stalwart as those of Mark Twain and William Dean Howells and James Whitcomb Riley, with the Tarkingtons, the Majors, the Nicholsons, the Dunnes and the Ades to bring up the supports and take their places when they are gone.

But we are not here to make literary criticisms—just to love Riley, and one another—friends and brothers—and sisters, too—though maybe I had better not dwell on that point. “Ah, Tam, ah, Tam, it ga’s mee greet”—at least that line of your illustrious progenitor can not be applied to you—more’s the pity—more’s the pity! And yet in a way, Riley has made his peace with the women through the children. Or is it that each woman wants her poet all to herself, and that as long as he remains unmarried she can claim him for her

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own and he is hers? We have no record that Horace had a wife, nor Beranger, and perhaps poor Burns had been better without; so that there does seem a fitness that the apostolic succession of these in laying the final hand upon Riley, should find him celibate. Anyhow, as the good Rip observes, "we won't count that." The goddess of song is the poet's bride; and when I recall and try to classify this poet's brood, I stand aghast, nor wonder that he laid so many of them at the door of "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone."

I rejoice with you in the name and fame of James Whitcomb Riley; but, within myself, I rejoice yet more in his personality. Like the poets of old, he looked into his heart and wrote, and what thirst-quenching drafts has he not brought up from that unfailing well: barefoot lays of the forest and the farm; the bygone time and the "sermons" of nature, "made out o' truck 'at's jes' going to waste," smiling godspeed on the plow and the furrow and the seed, as on man in his need—Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors, And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores.

That is Riley, God bless him! and all his troop of loved ones, from The Raggedy Man

HENRY WATTERSON

to Little Orphant Annie, as God be thanked
that his genius gave them shelter—that, in
this our poet laureate, Thought grew tired of
wandering o'er the world and home-bound
Fancy ran her bark ashore.

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

In a very humble life you have made a most distinctive and memorable day, and I feel in the acceptance of your great consideration that the tribute is mine only as I stand as a simple representative of my own Hoosier people here at home. To the distinguished orators who have, through their high gifts, so greatly honored Indiana and her citizenship, is due our mutual gratitude, since they speak for us out of many diverse and exalted stations of life and public service. Indeed, it seems that from all points of the compass are contributed to this event these gifted tongues of eloquence, and to these our thanks are due: to the statesman and orator; to the scholastic master and reverend; to the poet and romancer; to the notable academic author-editor, and to that great voice and spirit of our country of to-day, Henry Watterson, loved and honored here as in the hearts of America at large—to all these, as has been demonstrated by this vast and brilliant audience, we are mutually beholden.



RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

As to the teachers and the schools of Indiana, for this combined expression of favor, what can I say but most simply confess my especial thanks to them, a debt embracing all the space of life between my earliest youth and the present moment—from my first teacher to my last. And of these, two out of the long list of like benefactors, I may be excused for personally referring to at this time.

The first of them was a little, old, rosy, roly-poly woman—looking as though she might have just come rolling out of a fairy story, so lovable she was and so jolly and so amiable. Her school was kept in her little old Dame Trot sort of dwelling of three rooms, and—like a bracket on the wall—a little porch in the rear, which was part of the playground of her “scholars,”—for in those days pupils were called “scholars” very affectionately by their teacher; and her very youthful school was composed of possibly twelve or fifteen boys and girls. I remember particularly the lame boy, who always got the first ride in the swing in the locust tree during “recess.”

This first teacher was a mother, too, to all

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

of her "scholars," and in every particular her care was notable, especially at the drowsiness of certain little ones. They were often carried to an inner room—a sitting-room—where many times I was taken with a pair of little chaps and laid to slumber on a little made-down pallet on the floor. She would oftentimes take three or four of us together; and I can recall how a playmate and I, having been admonished into silence, grew deeply interested in looking at a spare old man sitting always by the window, which had its shade drawn down. After a while we became accustomed to the idea, and when our awe had subsided we used to sit in a little sewing-chair and laugh and talk in whispers and give imitations of the little old pendulating blind man at the window. Well, the old man was the gentle woman's charge, and for this reason, possibly, her life had become an heroic one, caring for this old husband of hers, who, blind and helpless, lived perfectly content, waiting always at the window for his sight to come back to him—for his vision to be restored—as it doubtless is to-day, as he sits at another casement and sees not only his earthly friends, but all the friends of the

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

Eternal Home, with the smiling, loyal, loving little woman for ever at his side.

The last teacher I remember, with an affection no less fervent, though of a maturer kind, was,—and is,—a man of many gifts, a profound lover of literature and a modest producer in story and in song, in history, and even in romance and drama, although his life-effort was given first of all to education. Most happily living to-day and hale and vigorous, he has but very recently retired from high and honorable office in my native county. To him I owe possibly the first gratitude of my heart and soul, since, after a brief warfare, upon our first acquaintance as teacher and pupil, he informed me gently but firmly that since I was so persistent in secretly reading novels during school hours he would insist upon his right to choose the novels I should read, whereupon the “Beadle” and “Munro” dime novels were discarded for such genuine masterpieces of fiction as those of Washington Irving, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray and Scott; so that it may be virtually recorded that the first study of literature in a Hoosier country school was (perhaps very consciously) introduced by my first of liter-

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

ary friends and inspirers, Captain Lee O. Harris, of Greenfield.

Again expressing my profound thanks to all, I turn to such selections of homely Hoosier verse as have been asked for by the committee in charge of our programme.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

1898

When, why, and by whom, was our flag, the Stars and Stripes, first called "Old Glory"?—*Daily Query to Press.*

I

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the
blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you
bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you
to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the
same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of
red,
With your stars at their glittering best over-
head—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

Laughing down from their little square heaven
of blue!—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say,
who—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

II

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to “favor” a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy
way—

We—the *crowd*, every man of us, calling you
that—

We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his
hat

And hurrahing “Old Glory!” like you were our
kin,

When—*Lord!*—we all know we’re as common
as sin!

And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and
fall

Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have
gone.—

And this is the reason we’re wanting to know—
(And we’re wanting it *so!*—

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was
still.*

III

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening
were,—

For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the
eye

And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.

And so, by our love

For you, floating above,

And the scars of all wars and the sorrows
thereof,

Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the
blast,*

And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it
said:

By the driven snow-white and the living blood-
red

Of my bars, and their heaven of stars over-
head—

By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward
cast,

As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses
nod,—

My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to
stay,

An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn
her board-an'-keep;

An' all us other childern, when the supper
things is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the most-
est fun

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells
about,

An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
prayers,—

So when he went to bed at night, away up
stairs,

His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy
heerd him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he
wasn't there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an'
cubby-hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimby-flue, an' ever-
wheres, I guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout:—

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an'
grin,

An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an'
kin;

An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole
folks was there,

RESPONSE BY MR. RILEY

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to
run an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore
she knowed what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says when the blaze is
blue,

An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away,—

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers
fond an' dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
orphant's tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
about,

Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

